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STORY OF A DONKEY.

Poor foal of an oppressed race,
I love the languid patience of thy face ;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.

COLERIDGE.

AMONG the various stories of pet animals, we do not remember any regarding the donkey. The creature is too abject, too much of a drudge, to be thought intelligent or capable of shewing affection in return for kind treatment. That kindness, however, will not be thrown away on this humble and willingly useful animal, we propose to tell the story of a donkey which circumstances brought into our possession.

Donald, as we call him, is said to be a native of Ireland, whence he was brought when very young, and sold for the moderate sum of thirty-two shillings to a young man who had set up as a saddler at Loanhead, a quiet rural village, five miles south from Edinburgh. We have no date of his birth, but understand he is now from five to six years old, and may accordingly be said to be still in his infancy. As for personal appearance, Donald is of the ordinary dun colour, coat good, white about the muzzle, breast, and inside the upper part of the fore-legs, feet small and neat. One may note with interest the well-defined dark stripe across the shoulders, and stripe on each fore-leg diagonally across the knee, as shewing the usual trace of relationship, generically, to the zebra. He possesses a meek composed aspect, is full grown, and altogether is as handsome a donkey as is ordinarily seen in this country, where, as is well known, neglect and hard usage have had the effect of deteriorating the race to which he belongs.

The saddler into whose hands he fell was a decent hard-working man, who did jobs in his line of business for the farmers and carters in the neighbourhood. On some occasions, he did work for persons in town, and was esteemed by them as an obliging tradesman. Though young he was not robust. A consciousness of failing health had led

him to make the purchase of the donkey, in the hope that, when properly trained and equipped with a small spring-cart, he might be of use in driving about the neighbourhood. The first thing the saddler did was to train Donald to run in harness, and the training was effected with a care and gentleness that won universal admiration. Good usage was not thrown away. The animal diligently, and we might almost say with a degree of gratitude, exerted himself in the work to which he was put.

Active in limb, he acquired the reputation of being a splendid trotter—quite a wonder in the place. When yoked in his spring-cart, laden with harness for a coachbuilder at St Leonard's, he would trot into Edinburgh at a speed equal to that of the stage-coach. Never beaten or ill-used, he was singularly affectionate and docile. The children gave him bits of bread, which he took gently from their hands. Sometimes he was admitted into the family circle, there making himself quite at home, by stretching himself out in a free and easy way before the fire. In short, he was allowed to do pretty much as he liked, and was the pet of the household.

The saddler's illness was a grievous misfortune. He was attacked by consumption, and daily becoming more feeble, he could neither benefit by driving about with Donald, nor could he work. Jobs that came in could not be attended to. His business fell off ; it ceased. Day by day, poverty crept over the miserable establishment. The children could no longer indulge in the luxury of giving Donald crusts of bread. They had barely food for themselves, and were fain to make up for deficiencies by bringing in from the roadsides a double allowance of thistles and grass for Donald, which he ate with quiet composure in his small crib, a kind of stable run up with wooden boards at the back of the house.

In his last days, in order to enjoy the sunshine, the dying man had a seat outside his dwelling, and on such occasions the donkey, as if conscious of his master's infirmity, was pleased to stand beside him, looking mournfully in his face.

When the invalid spoke a few kind words, Donald came affectionately to him and laid his head fondly on his shoulder, and so he would remain till his master had done speaking. When the saddler became so ill as to be confined to bed, the donkey would stand for hours at the window, listening for his master's voice, and was glad to be called into the sick-room to be patted. It was affecting to see how deeply the invalid was interested in the faithful animal. When barely able to sit up in bed, he called for Donald's harness, which needed a little mending; and this was the last piece of work that he was able to execute. His labours were over—his race was run. Visions of the spiritual world were opening upon him.

The illness of the saddler was a terrible calamity. Besides limiting ways and means for present exigences, debts were necessarily incurred to keep things going, though on the poorest footing. Then, there was the dread of the future. What was to come of the family when the head of the house was removed? The dismal state of affairs was at times discussed by the disconsolate husband and wife. It was a blank look-out. To discharge obligations, every atom of property would probably have to be sold off.

'Jeanie,' said the saddler faintly, a day or two before his death, 'I say, Jeanie, I should like you to keep Donald for my sake; but I fear ye'll hae to part wi' him; ye canna keep him. I thoct we could hae made him a usefu' beast, by lettin' him out for hire, and sae bringin' in a little siller. If ye could manage to keep him, it would be a grand thing for you and the bairns, when I'm ta'en away.'

It was evident that the poor man viewed the pet donkey as in some sort a means of livelihood for his bereaved family. Donald was in a sense to be the family bread-winner, when the saddler was consigned to the kirk-yard of Lasswade. The widow, not very demonstrative, appreciated the idea, assured her husband that she would do all in her power to maintain the family connection with Donald.

'He canna do the work o' a horse, puir fellow,' she observed, 'but he's very willin'. He would work till he fa's doon. I never kenn'd sic a willin' cratur. And he's sic a guid-natured wee beastie! Keep yersel' easy, Andrew, about Donald. We'll try to make a fend. I wadna wonder but we might make half-a-croon a day out o' him, and Donald no a preen the waur.'

The wife's determination to set the donkey to work for the benefit of the family was particularly soothing to the exhausted and dying saddler. In consideration of Donald's prospective services, there was an agreeable sense of comfort—

And hope half mingled with the poor man's prayer.

As if aware of the misfortune impending over the family, the little animal was dull and listless; he did not gambol about as was his wont, neither did he seek to stretch himself before the kitchen

fire in the society of the children. During the last day of his master's life, he visited the door of the sick-room, throwing forward and sidewise his long ears, to hear, if possible, any sounds which might be addressed to him. On the circumstance being reported to the saddler, Donald was permitted once more to enter the apartment. It was a mournful scene. Wife and children were assembled round the death-bed, to which, drawn by affection, Donald closely advanced, as if to bid a final adieu to one he dearly loved. With life fleeting fast away, the invalid could only with a kind look lay his pallid hand on the meek face of the faithful animal, faintly muttering the words 'Poor Donald;' and shortly afterwards he breathed his last.

The decease of the village saddler, who had been much respected, and in his illness pitied, caused some sensation in the locality. All saw that the widow would be poorly off. But as usual in such cases, things, in a plain business way, took their course. The debts that had been incurred by the protracted illness, to say nothing of the funeral expenses, required to be discharged. And as there was no money to discharge them, the transaction naturally and legally resulted in a public auction of effects, with a red flag hung out at the door, as a symbol of household desolation.

On the day of the sale, Donald munched his grass and thistles in the wooden booth with his accustomed gravity, though the children's attentions were a little boisterous. One patted his face, another rubbed him down with a wisp of straw, while a third clasped him round the neck, crying bitterly, as if his heart were like to break. They were distracted with the possibility of losing Donald, and what could console them?

* About noon, the auctioneer arrived with the red flag. He was accompanied by an assistant, a man of middle age, to act as clerk, who had gone through dozens of harrowing scenes of families sold out, and who, at his departure, had left nothing but bare walls. On the present melancholy occasion, as was his practice, he went to work imperturbably, like a man of business to whom sentiment would be out of place. Having unfurled the red flag and fixed it up conspicuously to the door-post, he arranged an ink-bottle at his button-hole, took out his note-book, and was ready for action. The children, clamorous at proceedings which they conjectured would lead to some dire misfortune, were peremptorily ordered to get out of the way and be quiet, so as to allow the goods to be examined.

Donald, the fondly cherished Donald, was ranked as part of the 'goods.' In the advertisement announcing the 'Sale for behoof of Creditors,' a prominent place, as follows, was given to him as an attractive article of sale: 'Also an excellent young male donkey, well trained, and able to draw a small spring-cart, which, with harness, will be sold along with him; very useful for dealers in coal, fish, vegetables, and other articles.'

We are to picture the ordinarily quiet village in a slight degree of commotion. Old women looked out at their doors and talked to each other condolingly about the sale. A cluster of noisy youngsters gathered together, attracted by the red flag. A crowd in a small way from the neighbourhood had collected, either to purchase bargains or to be amused with the spectacle. A prominent figure in the scene was the auctioneer, who stood on a deal-chair outside the door of the devoted dwelling. In his hand he carried a stout walking-stick, which he conveniently wielded as his hammer, by forcibly giving a loud blow on the bottom of the chair, when knocking down the successive lots.

Looking at the nature of the assemblage, which comprehended several carters from Gilmerton, it was judged proper to begin with the articles in the workshop. These consisted of large and small pieces of leather; a second-hand cart-saddle; an old horse-collar, which had been ordinarily hung on a nail outside the door as a kind of sign; a bridle with bit, not in bad condition; a set of gig harness; several curry-combs; some saddlery utensils; and a few pieces of furniture and miscellaneous trifles. The whole was a poor turn-out as a stock in trade, but in its very poorness it found customers. The workshop being cleared of every scrap of its contents, the next thing brought forward was the donkey.

It was a sorrowful spectacle to see Donald with his cart led round the end of the house, and paraded to the staring onlookers. Unconscious of his fate, he submitted tranquilly to the ordeal to which he was exposed. Some examined his feet, others looked to the sufficiency of his cart and harness. A few spoke of his good character, and were sorry to think he was to be thus disposed of. The younger children, who had been his playmates and ministering attendants, burst into tears. The widow, who, in her hopefulness, had trusted to the possibility of somehow saving Donald, was overwhelmed with her accumulated distresses. She had given some assistance in the disposal of articles hitherto exhibited, but the sight of poor Donald led out with his cart was too much. Rushing to a recess of her disordered dwelling, she sat down, threw her apron over her head, to conceal her emotion, and within hearing of the auctioneer's eloquent eulogium of Donald's good qualities, convulsively bemoaned her bereavement.

The harangue of the auctioneer was worthy of the occasion:

'Here, gentlemen, is a lot such as you seldom meet with. A donkey, young, strong, and healthy. He is sound in limb, well trained, fit for drawing a load of from eight to ten hundredweight, so docile that a child might drive him, needs no urging or beating, is so willing to do his work that the chief difficulty is how to hold him in. I assure you, he is a most valuable animal for many useful purposes. He must, however, be sold,

along with his harness and cart. To insure competition, I will put up the lot at two pounds. Who bids more than two pounds?—Trot him down the street. There—there he goes!'

Returned from his trot, in which a host of boys kept running after him, Donald is brought to a stand-still, and the biddings begin. The price offered rises shilling by shilling to three pounds; then by leaps of five shillings at a time, it mounts to four pounds, and ultimately to eight pounds. There the competition stops. The last bidder is a gentleman belonging to the neighbourhood, against whom it is thought useless to contend. He is, to all appearance, resolved to be the purchaser. With a wave of the hand and a searching glance all round, and declaring it was the last call, the auctioneer brings down his stick with a smart rap on the chair, and the donkey and his cart are declared to be sold at eight pounds. 'A great bargain, sir!' he adds quietly and confidentially, addressing the successful competitor.

The smart blow with the stick sounded like the knell of fate in the ears of the disconsolate woman. And yet, as by a Providential act, a better turn was given to her affairs. Requesting a youth to lead Donald back to his crib, and see him properly attended to, the gentleman who had been his purchaser, entered the cottage, and sought out its mistress in her grief and obscurity. Laying his hand on her shoulder he spoke to her a few kind words. 'Do not be so distressed about the loss of your favourite donkey. I have bought it for you, and you need only pay the price, when you are able to do so, after settling your husband's affairs. Make a good use of the little animal, as you designed, for the benefit of yourself and children.'

The woman looked up wonderingly and gratefully. 'It is very kind o' you, sir,' she said, 'but I havena words to thank ye. For what ye hae done, ye'll hae the blessing o' the widow and fatherless.'

The restoration of Donald was a general and agreeable surprise. The gentleman who had so generously acted as benefactor, had heard of and compassionated the condition of the saddler's widow. Learning that she had conceived a plan of some humble line of industry in which the donkey was to be available, he determined to perform a charitable act by buying Donald at the sale of effects, and give her an opportunity of putting her scheme in execution.

So far all had gone well. The money realised by the sale of the articles of trade, and some of the house-furniture, also by the recovery of certain small debts which had been owing to the saddler, was happily sufficient to discharge the claims of the creditors; and with some pecuniary assistance, the widow was able to pay the price for Donald, which was a great satisfaction. Amidst the general wreck, she was still able to keep house. When the red flag was removed, and the auctioneer and his assistant had taken themselves off, things subsided

into their ordinary quietude. The cloud of misfortune, once so threatening, had passed away; and again there was something like a ray of sunshine in the dwelling.

The donkey may now be said to have got over the first adventure in his life. What followed was less picturesque. His mistress, the saddler's widow, made a resolute effort to make a livelihood by hiring him out to execute jobs for the grocer and others in the village. The necessity, however, for attending to him as a subject of hire, and at the same time performing other duties for the sake of subsistence, was beyond her powers. At the end of four months, she was forced to sell Donald. It was a painful, but voluntary and unavoidable act. As the animal was now well known in the district as a serviceable beast of draught, it was not difficult to find a customer.

Donald and his spring-cart were bought for the sum of ten pounds by a respectable baker in the adjoining village of Lasswade, for delivering bread round the neighbourhood. With tears and a sad heart, the poor widow and her three boys had to part from their much-loved, much-cared-for pet, endeared to them by recollections of the deceased husband and father. The parting being over, Donald was led down the hill to his new quarters, to undertake the business of drawing the cart with bread. In this regular and by no means heavy routine of duty, he acquitted himself admirably. As Lasswade is within a short distance of Loanhead, we may suppose that, in making his rounds, the donkey was sometimes seen by his former mistress, who continued to remain in the village, and, as is understood, remains still, making a livelihood for herself and children by needlework, and going out to char and wash; in which respects she affords a good specimen of a well-disposed woman, anxious to support her family by her industry.

A change has now to be recorded in Donald's destiny. In the autumn of 1872, we found occasion to advertise for a donkey, to help in a variety of purposes connected with a country house. The grass in the avenue and grounds generally could not be conveniently kept down by the gardener and his assistant, and a donkey was suggested as being imperative to draw the mowing-machine. Then, there were often luggage and parcels to be taken to and from the railway station, two miles distant. Lastly, it was alleged, that in doing mere ordinary jobbing in which carts had to be hired, a great saving would be effected by procuring a serviceable donkey. For these and other important reasons, the advertisement was issued.

A response comes from Lasswade. A baker has a donkey with harness and a neat spring-cart to dispose of—price wanted for the whole £12, 10s. The reason assigned for parting with the donkey is, that the business to be done exceeds its powers. Its place must be taken by a horse. Here, apparently, was quite the thing we required. The gardener was despatched to investigate the character and qualifications of the animal. A favourable report being presented, the bargain was struck at the specified price. Donald quitted Lasswade, of which pretty village on the Esk he had been some time a denizen, and drawing his spring-cart after him, was driven to his new home in the vale of Tweed. It was a journey of upwards of twenty

miles. One afternoon in August, he came merrily trotting up the avenue to the front door, where he passed under general review, and received his first welcome.

Money had been given to pay Donald's expenses on the road, it being reasonable he should have a feed of oats at a wayside inn; but he required no such outlay. He did not, would not, eat oats. He did not understand oats as an article of diet. He lived chiefly on coarse grass—fresh or dried, it was all the same—and the only luxury he cared for was bread, no matter of what kind or quality. Old crusts would do very well. A small loaf bought for the purpose sufficed for the journey.

For long after the arrival of Donald, we knew nothing of his early history. Most of the particulars just mentioned were learned from a lady who happened to know something about the quarter whence he had come. It may be supposed that a discovery of the Loanhead incidents tended to raise our respect for Donald. He had been well brought up, and come through tribulation. There was a degree of sentiment attached to his history. Consistently with obligations which he would not feel very onerous, we should do all in our power to render his existence pleasant and comfortable. On this basis, things have proceeded pleasantly till the present time.

With no more than twelve months' experience of Donald, we are unable to offer any accumulation of anecdotes respecting him. He has become a general favourite on account of his good temper and familiar behaviour. The young ladies who happen to be our guests—almost emulating the fondness of Titania for Bottom in *Midsummer Night's Dream*—are never tired patting him, and ministering to him with crusts of bread, which he takes delicately from their open palm.

As for work, he goes to it with a zest that shews his force of character. There is about him none of that slow sleepy indifference which we frequently see in donkeys which have experienced ill-usage, and are cruelly under-fed and over-wrought. In his own case are exemplified the advantages of considerate treatment. As he faithfully served the saddler, his former master, so he serves us. He does his work with good-will, and he does it well. In drawing a grass-cutting machine, he gets through as much in two hours as two men with scythes can get through in a day; and yoked in his garden-cart, with high spurred sides, he clears away all that has been cut with amazing expedition. With his spring-cart, which has a seat across it for the driver, he executes all sorts of jobs at a distance. In bringing packages from the railway station, he trots with persevering assiduity. He can easily get over the two miles of ground in from ten to fifteen minutes, which is good running. As was honestly said of him by the auctioneer, the only difficulty is how to hold him in.

Such is the story of our donkey, as far as it can at present be told. Our acquisition of him has been a success, and assuming that he has got over any distressful reminiscences concerning his kind friend, the deceased saddler, he probably finds little to regret in the new home into which fortune has drifted him. Something might be added by way of moral, but it is hardly necessary. The few incidents related, shew that in the case of the donkey, as with many other animals, kindness

will not be thrown away A creature which is too apt to be despised for its apparent stupidity, is found to possess a considerable degree of shrewd intelligence, and to be susceptible of that amount of cultivation, which would turn it to good account as a useful, a willing, and, we will add, a grateful servant of man.

W. C.

A FAMOUS BOOK AUCTION.

AUCTIONS of private collections of books possess a peculiar interest. They speak of the upbreak of what had been a source of a life-long, or at least of many years', pleasure. Their late owner is parted from Time. The books which he collected with anxious solicitude, and according to his special tastes, are to be handled by strangers, made the subject of commercial talk, and dispersed. There is always something to sadden one at these auctions. When the deceased proprietor of the books to be sold, had been what is called a bibliomaniac, a dash of entertainment mingles with the occasion. Literary treasures which had been whimsically locked up, are brought to the light of day, and become matter of eager inquiry and remark. We desire to speak of one of these extraordinary sales.

It would be difficult to point to any private collection of books sold by auction which contained more manuscript and typographical rarities of the first class than the library formed by Mr Henry Perkins, and recently sold (June 3 to 6) at Hanworth Park, near London. His father for many years superintended Mr Thrale's brewery, and became a partner at his death. Boswell, in his *Life*, tells us that Dr Johnson esteemed him much. Mrs Thrale asked him why he hung up a portrait of the great man in the counting-house, he answered: 'Because, madam, I wish to have one wise man there.' Johnson, hearing this, said: 'Sir, I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely.*'

Of course there have been sales containing a vast number more books, such as the Heber sale, for example, lasting 202 days—spread over two years, from April 10, 1834, to July 9, 1836: 117,613 volumes fetched L.56,775. It was this bibliomaniac who said: 'No man can do comfortably without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show-copy, and will probably keep it at his country-house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third, at the service of his friends.' Compared with such a collection as Richard Heber's, the Perkins' Library was small indeed; but its 865 lots realised about L.26,000, or L.30 a lot, and included two books which made *six thousand pounds*. This sale only adds another to the many instances which might be

brought forward of the enormous increase in the value of rare books during the last few years. We have jotted down the prices given for eleven books, and also the sums they obtained, and find that they cost Mr Perkins L.1286, and realised L.8565.* This total of L.26,000 for 865 lots becomes more striking when we remember that Osborne the bookseller bought the 360,000 volumes of the Harleian collection for L.30,000. Although a collector should not form a library with a view to profit, it is satisfactory to think that loss is improbable when such an assemblage is dispersed.

The Perkins' sale will ever be memorable for placing upon the market two copies—one on vellum, and one on paper—of the Mazarine Bible, perhaps the rarest—as it is the most interesting—printed book in the world. These two books formed the last two lots of the fourth and last day's sale, and were both bought by London booksellers; that on vellum being knocked down to Messrs Ellis and White for L.3400; the paper copy to Mr Quaritch for L.2690. If Dr Dibdin had lived to see this day, what an account he would have written of the sale! and especially of these lots, for we should be afraid to say how many pages of his *Bibliographical Decameron* are devoted to an account of the Roxburghe sale, where the Marquis of Blandford bought the Valdarfer Boccaccio for L.2260, amid 'absolutely electrified' spectators. Before this year, this was the largest price ever given for a book: L.3400 seems an immense sum for a single work, but as the catalogue most correctly informs us, 'it is unquestionably the most important and distinguished article in the whole annals of typography;' and goes on to denominate it in a style worthy the great chronicler of bibliomania: 'a treasure which would exalt the humblest, and stamp with a due character of dignity, the proudest, collection in the world.' Mr Perkins secured it in 1825 at a cost of L.504.

The Mazarine Bible is so called because a copy was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin. Of the five known copies on vellum, four are in public libraries; and this, the fifth, is the most perfect copy of them all. According to the generally received statement respecting the invention of printing, Gutenberg having found a capitalist in Fust willing to advance money on such an undertaking, began this Bible soon after his return to Mentz or Mayence from Strasburg, in 1445. The early copies were probably issued before 1455, when Fust took possession of the types, as his unfortunate partner could not keep to the somewhat hard terms on which the loan had been advanced. We may therefore look on these vellum, and perhaps a few of the paper, copies as having been issued before Fust's unhandsome conduct. Messrs Nichol obtained Mr Perkins' vellum copy from the library of the university of Mentz. Fust and Schœffer subsequently issued an altered edition of the great work, and then an edition with new type bearing

* Croker's edition, p. 426. On another occasion, Dr Johnson, hearing Mr Perkins was going on a long journey, wrote, July 28, 1782: 'Observe these rules—1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise. 2. Do not think about frugality; your health is worth more than it can cost. 3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue. 4. Take now and then a day's rest. 5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can. 6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy. This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind, neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic, can be of much use.'—*Ibid.* p. 708.

* It is only fair for us also to notice an example or two of depreciation, but such were very rare. The magnificent Koran (a present from Manlowa Mohammed Achmed to Nijul al Dowlah) was purchased at Prince Golowain's sale for L.72, 18s. 0d. It now made L.70. Mr Perkins gave L.32 at the Hibbert sale for Mattaire's *Annales Typographiques*, which was now sold for L.25. In 1825, at the Dent sale, the *Concordantie Magnæ Bibliorum* was knocked down for L.31, 10s. 0d.; it now realised a little more than as many shillings. The magnificent series of Delphin classics was also a loss.

their name and date, 1462. Of the latter, Mr Perkins possessed a fine copy, for which he gave L.173. This realised L.780. This Bible is generally called the Bible of Mayence. Passing over Bibles from the presses of Ulric Zell, the first Cologne printer, Eggesleyn, Goltz, Jensen, and Koburger, we come to the first complete edition of the English Bible, or that translated by Coverdale, and printed in 1535. Mr Perkins gave L.89, 5s. for this at the Dent sale, and it now realised L.400. Then we have that translation said to be by Thomas Matthew (really John Rogers), dated two years afterwards, which produced L.195.

One naturally looks out for Caxton's, but only two examples of our great English typographer occurred in this sale. The first of these was his edition of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, dated 1493, but really printed in 1483, and made L.245. The second, *Higden's Polycronicon*, 'conteyning the Berynges and Dedes of many Tymes', which fetched L.305. The latter was printed in 1482. Of Caxton's two apprentices, Wynkyn de Worde and Pynson, we have one example of the former, and two of the latter. Wynkyn de Worde's work is *Vitas Patrum, or the Lyves of Olde Auncyent Faders Hermytes*, translated out of Frenshe into Englysshe by William Caxton; empyrnt at Westmynstre, 1495. This is believed to be the finest copy in existence (L.180). Pynson printed his Brant's *Ship of Folsys of the Worlde* in 1509. For his copy of this curious book, Mr Perkins gave L.30 at the Dent sale; it now made L.130. The other example of Pynson is the edition of *Froissart's Chronicles*, printed in conjunction with Myddylton in 1525 (L.96).

Of printed service-books we shall take some interesting examples. A beautiful missal on vellum, printed at Rome by Planck in 1496, and having a miniature instead of a coloured woodcut preceding the canon, was the dedication copy to Pope Alexander VI. (L.375). The *Missale Mozarabicum* was so called because it was the ritual of the inhabitants of Toledo (as it had been of the ancient Spanish church before the introduction of the Roman system), who were allowed to retain their religion though governed by the Moors or Mozarabes, that is Half Arabs. When Alfonso VIII. wrested the city from the Moors, he wished to introduce the Roman missal. The people preferred their old use, and the two volumes were placed in the fire. The Mozarabic being uninjured by this ordeal, was retained. The copy in the Perkins' Library was one of an edition printed at the expense of Cardinal Ximenes c. 1500 (L.295).

Examples of the Junta or Giunta press at Venice on vellum are of great rarity. The two volumes of this press in the Perkins' collection are extremely interesting. The first is the missal used in the monastery of Vallambrosa, in the diocese of Fiesole, compiled by its founder, Gualberti. Of this sumptuous volume, Dr Dibdin says: 'If ever the magical art of printing was calculated to produce enthusiastic sensations, such sensations cannot fail to be felt on a careful examination of this book' (L.240). The other work to which we allude was a *Life of Gualberti*, who founded the monastery in 1038. These two examples of the Junta press were respectively printed in 1503 and 1510. The copy of the 'Life' is probably the same possessed by Bandini, the historian of the Junta press.

Mr Perkins possessed copies of the first four folios

of Shakspeare. That rare book, the first edition of 1623, made the highest price ever realised, with the exception of the Daniell copy in 1864. That was purchased for L.716; this—which was a perfect copy, and identical with it in measurement—was knocked down for L.555. We believe Mr Perkins only gave L.110 for it. The other three editions made respectively L.44, L.105, and L.22, which are not high prices, considering those realised at the Daniell sale.

A magnificent series of the Delphin classics—sixty volumes, containing the works of thirty-nine authors—made L.240. This edition is so called because printed by order of Louis XIV. for the use of the Dauphin, and the various volumes were issued between the years 1672–1691.

The rarer county histories command large prices. Mr Perkins had large-paper copies of most of these. Nichol's *Leicestershire* realised L.260, in consequence of the number of copies destroyed at the fire at Messrs Nichol's premises. One of the only six copies of Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*, having the plates in various states, made L.155. Other county histories sold were: Aubrey's *Surrey*, L.32, 10s. 0d.; Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, L.84; Hutchin's *Dorsetshire*, L.47; and Nash's *Worcestershire*, L.50.

In the manuscripts, almost every period of illumination from the ninth or tenth to the seventeenth century was well represented. The prices realised, as might be supposed, from the great importance and superb condition of these volumes, were very high. We will notice the chief of these in chronological order. It is very seldom that a fine liturgical manuscript of so early a date as the end of the ninth, or beginning of the tenth century, is offered for sale. Hence the *Evangelistarium* (406) of that date, illuminated with large capital letters, curiously interlaced, some pages being stained purple with gold letters, excited great interest. It fetched L.565. Next in point of date was a manuscript of the four Gospels, of the twelfth century (497); some of its pages were stained purple, which is unusual at so late a period (L.185). To the next century belonged (174) the Latin Bible, embellished with a hundred and forty-six miniatures, Italian, and therefore of the period of Giotto (L.230). We were much struck with the *Bible Historiée* (178), a French manuscript of a much-prized period of French art (first half of fourteenth century). This translation was made by Guyars des Moulins, and completed in 1495. For this beautiful volume—which is illuminated with a hundred and thirty miniatures—Mr Perkins gave about L.100 in 1826. It now realised L.490. Though not so fine, in an art point of view, the copy (374) of Christine de Pisan's *Cent Histoires de Troye*, of the latter part of the same century, is more interesting historically. It was executed for Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, son of the king of France. Christine was the most popular authoress at that period, and worked hard at her pen to support her family. It is said that she did not begin to write until 1389, and as Philip the Bold died in 1404, the date of this manuscript is ascertained with unusual exactness. As was usual with such presentation copies, the authoress is in the first illumination represented giving her book to the duke. This manuscript was knocked down for L.650, and cost Mr Perkins about L.73.

The origin of 405 is given in the title, in an

unusual manner in a manuscript. It was a French translation of the *Epistles and Gospels*, 'par Frère Jehan de Vignay, de l'orde du hault pas, à la requeste de Madame la Roynne Jehanne de Bourgoigne, jadis femme de Phéliepe de Valois, Roy de France, où temps qu'il vivoit, ce fut l'an de grace mccccxxvi' (L.120). The *Romaunt de la Rose* was perhaps the most popular work in the middle ages. Lot 638 was a fourteenth-century manuscript of it, with seventy-two miniatures, and richly illuminated capitals (L.90).

All who have studied manuscripts know the great rarity of undoubted examples of English work, particularly if of an early period. The *Romance of Christ* (738), ornamented with one hundred and fifty drawings in outline, heightened, with colour, was a work of great interest, as it was unquestionably of English execution. The artist has exercised his fancy in giving us a series of scenes of the childhood and other portions of our Lord's life, selecting chiefly legendary in preference to scriptural treatment of the subjects. Mr Perkins picked up this remarkable volume for *eighteen guineas*, and it now realised L.400.

In the fifteenth century, the diapered backgrounds of the miniatures of an earlier period were giving way to landscape and architectural ones. The beautiful decoration called *grisaille* was also coming into fashion. A good example of this was 281, *Heures à l'Usage de Rome* (L.92). Examples of early French poets are rare. Lot 152 was the works of Alain Chartier, richly illuminated (L.69). A very curious book was (375) *Chronique de la Boucachardine* (a scriptural and historical chronicle, compiled by 'Jehan de Coucy, Chevalier Normant,' in 1416), containing many miniatures (L.180).

All manuscripts of the fifteenth century, and, indeed, of any other period in the collection, were thrown into the shade by Lydgate's *Siege of Troy*—the identical book presented by the author to Henry V. Mr Perkins bought this book for L.99, 15s.; and it now fetched L.1320. The paintings—about seventy in number—which adorn this extraordinary example of English secular art are chiefly placed at the bottom of the pages in the broad margins, and not introduced in the text. In the first of these paintings, the author is shewn presenting his book to the king. These illuminations are very valuable for the costumes, armour, &c. of the period.

Such were some of the curiosities in connection with the sale of a library which had been gathered together by one of the greatest bibliomaniacs within living memory.

CURIOSITIES OF FERMENTATION.

EVERY one knows what is meant by fermentation, as shewn in various liquids, the result being a very extraordinary change of condition. But it is not generally considered that the change is effected by inherent chemical forces, and that fermentation has much to do in the structure of plants and animals; or, in other words, that fermentation is the agency appointed by Divine power to effect the wonderful transformations taking place in living as well as in many kinds of dead matter. In this view, the subject assumes a very grand character. Existence, we may say in a metaphor, is but one long fermentation, in every process of which a drama is carried for particular ends. In particular

functions of living beings, some things may be found which are exactly like ordinary fermentation. Let us go a little into the matter, touching as lightly as possible on scientific technicalities.

By infinitely multiplying and varying the combination of atoms, chemical action gives birth to a great number of bodies; but these substances are generally distinguished from those of the inorganic kingdom by their instability. The particles group themselves, and form edifices, the balance of which is deranged or modified by the slightest influences. These alterations may be produced in various ways by chemical or physical agents. A high temperature, for instance, destroys all organic substances; the saccharine principles are decomposed before the heat reaches two hundred degrees, sometimes below a hundred; and those composed of albumen are much less stable.

Taking three hundred degrees as a point of departure, most complex organic substances begin to divide and resolve themselves into a more simple composition. It is not heat alone which works out these changes; certain things are endowed with the power of provoking and modifying the composition of the organisms amidst which they are placed. These are ferments. That which characterises them is, that they act in a very small compass, are of light weight, and do not seem to intervene chemically—that is to say by their own elements, in the phenomena which they excite. From very early ages, the particular part which ferments play has been known, the leaven necessary to raise bread offering a very familiar example.

They are all composed of four organic elements: oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and azote; these are matters of animal or vegetable origin which are susceptible of undergoing spontaneous decomposition, sometimes called putrefaction. To make the importance of these ferments more clearly understood, it is sufficient to say that they occur not only in the phenomena of death, or the decomposition of living organisms, but in every act of vitality.

In the vegetable kingdom, germination is closely assimilated to fermentation. The seed incloses some particles of azote, which, under peculiar circumstances of dampness, heat, or the influence of the air, act on the other parts of the seed; the vegetable functions are distributed and regulated by degrees, thanks to the metamorphosis accomplished by fermentation, and the plant begins to grow. The ripening of fruit is equally due to the presence of a ferment; and finally, the last transformation of the vegetable, when it is destroyed, and its organs are worn out, is accomplished under the influence of fermenting matters. In the animal kingdom, the complication of vital phenomena is greater; but it is not questioned that the putrefaction of the corpse, the digestion, the dissolution of food by the saliva and other liquids, the action of the pancreatic fluid on fat bodies, the gastric juice on azotic food, and finally, the much-to-be-feared effects arising from venom, miasma, and virus of every kind, are in reality only more or less complex forms of fermentation. Thus, it is impossible to exaggerate its importance when it intervenes in all physiological actions, from the fecundation of the germ to the return of all that composes the corpse to common lifeless matter.

Fermentation has always been looked upon as an intermediate phenomenon between chemical and

vital action; it represents one of the fundamental mechanisms to which we must have recourse for the interpretation of many chemical changes which are effected in organised beings. How, then, can these curious appearances be explained without banishing them from chemistry? It may be done by uniting them to what are generally called acts of presence, or of contact, of which various examples could be given in relation to solid inorganic substances.

Passing from these, we will compare the appearances of the germination of plants with those the chemist can produce in his laboratory; the series of natural with artificial phenomena.

The seed of a plant incloses a certain starchy matter and an azoted ferment, called diastase. Under the influence of the latter, the starch is changed into dextrine, a substance which has the same chemical composition; and finally the dextrine assimilates to itself the elements of water, and becomes glucose, or grape-sugar: this is how sugar takes its rise in germinating seeds, and there can never be fermentation without the presence of sugar. When the chemist wishes to reproduce with his apparatus the delicate phenomena which operate in the organs of plants, he takes starch, washes it in water, and adds to it diastase, which he has extracted from sprouted barley: he warms this mixture at a rather high temperature, and soon the starch is dissolved into dextrine; this progressively changes into grape-sugar. There is no necessity in working this transformation to borrow the azoted ferment from a vegetable; it may be obtained by the help of an acid, which, by simple contact, and without uniting itself to the starch, or giving up any of its own elements, changes the starch into dextrine and grape-sugar at the temperature of a hundred degrees.

Thus the chemist imitates exactly all that passes in the germination of plants. In the liver of animals, it has been shewn that this organ is the true seat of a sugar formation; but all the appearances of fermentation are not so easy to imitate as the simple effects of germination; for example, alcoholic fermentation—that is to say the transformation of a sweet matter into alcohol. This operation forms the base of the fabrication of liquors, which, in one form or another, every nation employs as a drink. The juice of the grape, of the maple and palm trees; beer from sprouted barley, cider from apples, hydromel from honey, sour-milk used by the Tartars—all owe their intoxicating qualities to alcohol, and this substance is formed in them by the fermentation of sugary particles.

The process may be observed very clearly in the reaction of yeast on grape-sugar or glucose: this is dissolved in water, and about a fiftieth part of its weight of beer-yeast is added to it; the temperature being maintained at thirty degrees. Soon the glucose begins to decompose into alcohol and carbonic acid, which disengages itself in little bubbles. The movement ceases when all the sugar disappears, which generally occurs after an interval of twenty-four or thirty-six hours. It may be asked, what are the properties of the ferment whose action is so powerful? Examined through a microscope, yeast seems to be formed of little globules, rather elongated, of almost infinitesimal dimensions. These globules are organised cells, and may be classed as a kind of cryptogame; placed in sweet

liquid, they excite fermentation, and at the same time bud and multiply. New globules are found beside the first, and increase in size by forming more and more extended branches.

Leaven is, then, an organised being; chemically, it is constituted by a mixture of an azoted, albuminoid body and a principle identical in its nature with the ligneous matter of wood; containing, however, more traces of phosphate and fat. Alcoholic fermentation is hastened and made more easy by the direct addition of yeast from beer; but it operates also in sweet liquids under the influence of other azotic matters, when these substances are favourable to the spontaneous production of leaven, and contain its elements. This accounts for the fact, that the juice of the grape, clear at the time when it runs from the vat, begins to work as soon as it comes in contact with the air, and changes into alcohol; whilst the azoted matters contained in the grape-skin give birth to leaven, which separates itself under the form of a deposit and an insoluble pellicle. When to a sweet syrup are added azotic matters analogous to albumen, to certain phosphates, and an imponderable trace of leaven, this develops itself by borrowing its materials from the surrounding substances. It is not even necessary that these last should be of organic origin; it is sufficient if they contain azote: the phenomenon is also produced when ammoniacal salts replace albuminoid matters. It is strange that the albumen, or white of egg, is, on the contrary, not fit to furnish the materials for leaven.

The birth and multiplication of leaven have furnished arguments to the partisans of spontaneous generation. M. Pasteur, who is a strong opponent of the doctrine, appears to have demonstrated that these appearances must be attributed to the atmosphere, the dust of which is mingled with the seeds of cryptogames of the same order as those of leaven. In truth, fermentation is not developed in vegetable liquids which have been boiled so as to destroy all the germs which might fall from the atmosphere; neither does it take place when these liquids are in jars hermetically sealed, or when it can only penetrate at a temperature sufficiently high to destroy seeds and eggs. Another plan has been tried by straining the air through a long tube filled with cotton, which retained all the solid particles; the same negative result was arrived at, whilst the cotton, when placed in a fermentable liquor, being enriched with seeds, developed the ordinary growths. Chemists have also distinguished by the help of the microscope the spores capable of producing fermentation or not.

M. Pouchet, Professor Owen, and Mr Herbert Spencer, who are the leaders of the battle on the other side, have also tried experiments of a similar kind, and with the greatest care, yet have come to an opposite conclusion, and affirm that the conversion of dead matter into living beings is continually going on everywhere at the present time. Moulds, mildews, parasites, infusoria, fermentation, or the theoretic molecules of zymotic disease, often arise without any recognisable cause, and without apparent origin, from pre-existences of a like nature with themselves. The professors adhering to each of these doctrines are among the most distinguished in science, and equally command respect; during the next thirty years, the question will probably have assumed a very different phase,

and the wisest way is not to form any strong opinion on one side or the other, but to wait.

It might be argued that the living animal is nothing but a vessel where reaction is always going on, an inclosed field where chemical and physical forces carry on a perpetual conflict; and when it has been shewn that the appearances of fecundation, nutrition, death itself, are only ordinary fermentations, where, then, is the seat of those mysterious forces which are named will, instinct, desire, and, when man is reached, conscience? Are we nothing but laboratories, chemical and physical microcosms, in which matter tries her most delicate combinations, but also her most transitory?

The materialist may say so, and make man a docile slave, a miserable plaything of the forces which move and transform the inorganic world; abasing one by one all the barriers that our pride has placed between us and the rest of the universe; but when he has made all his experiments, there is still an impenetrable mystery. Science may analyse our relations to matter, take its measures, and discover the laws which regulate the world; but in every phenomenon, humble as it may be, two ideas present themselves, upon which experimental philosophy has no hold: the *essence* of the substance modified, and the *force* which provokes these modifications. The outside, the appearances, are what come under cognisance; the true and substantial reality escapes investigation. The worthy task of philosophy is to consider the particular forces whose effects are analysed as issuing from one first, eternal, necessary source of movement and centre of all action. In this point of view, created beings are the changing forms of a divine idea composed of two parts: first, the divine substance endowed with intelligence and will; the second, the material, in which our passions shew their strength. Science throws her light on the latter, whilst religion shews us the reality of those facts which rest only in the Divine thought.

LADY LIVINGSTON'S LEGACY.

CHAPTER XVIII.—WHAT THE BEHEMOTH MEANT.

MAJOR RAFFINGTON was accurate in declaring that the Behemoth's invitations, like those of royalty, admitted of no denial. Indeed, Baron Swartz shared this privilege of issuing an imperative summons, not merely with Her Majesty's judges learned in the law, but also with the rank and file of that accommodating profession of which he was an ornament. Many a stately gentleman who would scarcely deign to hurry his steps indecorously to elude a mad bull, or a Hansom cabman the worse for liquor, will meekly dance attendance for days in the month, and hours in the day, at the abode of some fourth-rate usurer who renews his overdue bills at fast recurring intervals. As yet, the monarch of money-lenders had treated Dashwood fairly well, as Sir Frederick himself was constrained grudgingly to admit. But this very forbearance had its terrors for the insolvent baronet, who had more than once imparted in confidence to Major Raffington his opinion that this state of things was too good to last, and that the Baron was too civil by half. 'If I could see what he got, or what he expected to get out of me, I'd feel happier in my mind!' had been Dashwood's own words, oft repeated; and it would certainly have been a great relief to his mind had

he been able to account for the long-suffering behaviour of his acquaintance in Pitt Street. Now he was going to learn, no doubt, the motives of the Behemoth; and somehow, the idea was scarcely a pleasant one to him. So, although he would sooner have ridden at the most impracticable fence in Northamptonshire, he was early in Pitt Street on the day appointed.

The little green-liveried page came promptly to answer to the harsh beating of the rusty knocker, and Dashwood almost fancied that there was a sinister expression, as of malicious triumph, on the urchin's keen, white face, which he had never before seen there.

The anteroom in which Dashwood was ushered was well known to him—a mere closet, as far as space was concerned, but sumptuously furnished, in silk velvet and maple-wood, with some French toys, clock and vases of a fantastic pattern on the chimney-piece, and a few gaudily coloured pictures, which some of those who inspected them honestly preferred to the dusky Old Masters in the chamber of reception, on the walls. The party-wall which divided this small room from the hall of audience was thin, so that it was possible to hear much that was said in the larger apartment, if only the tones of those conversing there were raised above a low conventional pitch. Such was the case now.

'I do implore you, sir, really implore you, not to be so hard with me,' said a voice tremulous with emotion; the voice—so Dashwood readily conjectured—of a man advanced in years. 'What you ask for would be ruin, positive ruin. I should have to withdraw my youngest son—as good and studious a lad as ever lived—from the university, and to blight his prospects, because of his brother's extravagance.'

Then succeeded the bland, cooing accents of the Baron, quite undistinguishable, so far as words went, but apparently employed in a gentle monotone of polite remonstrance.

'The boy has paid you hundreds already!' broke in the voice again, 'interest, charges, and the rest of it. If only you knew, sir, with what a pang of regret I decided myself to make you this final offer of the two thousand pounds, his sister's little fortune, and how poor and straitened we all are, I think that in mercy you would not.'—And then again was heard the Baron's soft rejoinder, a little louder this time, and almost immediately afterwards the bell rang; and as the disappointed suppliant withdrew, the page announced to Sir Frederick that the Baron was ready to receive him. Not greatly inspired by what he had overheard, Dashwood complied with the summons.

The Behemoth was in his accustomed place, his several packets of carefully arranged papers within reach, and he rose to greet the baronet with his usual air of easy courtesy. No one, to look at him, would have imagined that he had been one of the interlocutors in such a conversation as that of which Dashwood had listened to a portion, so perfectly calm and unruffled was the aspect which he presented.

'Sir Frederick,' said the Baron, as soon as his visitor was seated opposite to him, 'our relations to one another have been, up to this time, of a very pleasant description. I have had the happiness to render some slight services to you, and there has been no difficulty as to the trifling

formalities which I have proposed for your signature. This memorandum will shew you how we stand, and in what sums you are indebted to me.' And so saying he handed a balance-sheet to Dashwood, who took it with manifest reluctance, and ran his eye hastily over the figures.

'I suppose it's all right: indeed I'm sure it is,' he answered, half sullenly.

'It is, as you say, all right,' rejoined the smiling Baron; 'the vouchers are here, of course, for I do not let paper, with signatures so valuable as yours, pass out of my own possession: you may rely on the correctness of that statement. The sum-total has grown, you perceive, to really quite an imposing amount; has it not?'

'Why, yes,' said Dashwood ruefully; 'it is a lump of money. You are not in a hurry for it back again, I hope, Baron?'

'Not in a hurry; certainly not; I never am in that,' said his host, as he laid his plump white hand upon the green morocco of the writing-table, and slowly twisted his signet-ring; 'but I like to keep things orderly, and to see my way. I have had Mr Longtick here; that is no novelty, for many of his customers are clients of mine, and he has been talking very much to me about you.'

'About me! and why?' asked Dashwood, whose heart throbbed quick and hard.

'Or, perhaps, rather about the money you owe him, and the various methods to which you have resorted for staving off the day of payment,' explained the Behemoth. 'I am afraid you have not quite kept faith with me, Sir Frederick.'

'What do you mean?' asked Dashwood, flushing to the roots of his hair, and smoothing back his heavy moustache. Bad as he was, and low as he had fallen, a charge of falsehood made directly to his face did rouse in him some spirit of manliness.

The Behemoth waved his white hand. 'I mean, he said quietly, 'and you must pardon a poor foreigner who speaks your language imperfectly, that I find there are discrepancies between the documents signed by you to content Longtick and Sons, and certain assurances which you gave me when first I had the gratification to make your acquaintance. It appears'—and here he fluttered over first one sheet of paper, and then another—'that you have signed bills, bonds, and so on, for the firm in question, although your memory did not remind you of the circumstance at the period of our earliest dealings, and that you have signed others since.'

'I never pretended,' said Dashwood boldly, 'to remember all I had ever done, or thoroughly to understand my own affairs. I told you, I think, that I owed a heavy bill to those infernal tailors.'

'Yes, my good sir; but there are bills and bills. These people have lodged a detainer, or caveat, or whatever is the word in your insular law, against the price of your commission,' returned Swartz, tapping his spotless teeth with a paper-knife; 'and had all sorts of other liens upon your property. Well, I'm not in the least angry with you for little inaccuracies of that sort. My own experience shews me that, of ten men in difficulties, nine understate their debts. I have no right to expect you to be an exception to the rule. But Simon Longtick said he could put an end to your career; "Snuff you out" (forgive my repeating an expression so coarse) was the word, and I saw no reason to doubt it. Well, Sir Frederick?'

Sir Frederick said nothing, however, but sat scowling and silent. It was coming then, was it? The gaunt presence of the wolf that had whined and snarled around his door so long was upon him at last—the wolf that besets the domestic castle of many a worthier Englishman than he, and whose name is Ruin! Could not this grinning Jew hunk (it was thus irreverently that he now thought of the fresh-faced smiling Baron) get his writ of *feri facias*, put in his bill of sale, and have done with it? It may be doubted if the baronet had ever heard of the typical negro whose protest has become proverbial, but at that moment his feelings must have been identical with those of that coloured person. The combination of present 'preaches' with future 'floggee' was almost intolerable. There was balm, however, in the next words of the Behemoth. 'Well,' said that amiable capitalist, leaning back in his chair, after vainly waiting for Dashwood's reply, 'it has never been agreeable to me to hear of a friend of mine on whom the extinguishing process can be performed, except by myself, and so, after a little discussion, Mr Simon and I came to terms. You owe nothing, now, to Longtick and Sons. A glance at these papers'—offering them as if they had been something good to eat—'will convince you that your liabilities have changed hands, and that I am now, with some exceptions as to book-debts, your sole creditor.'

Dashwood seemed to breathe more freely as he heard this. It was inconceivable that the Baron should have incurred such heavy expense as a mere preliminary to setting into action the machinery of the law against his needy debtor. And he was rid, at least, of one tyrant, that insufferable tailor, whose memory was tenacious of many a bygone insolence, and who found revenge to be a toothsome morsel when the tables were turned upon a member of the Gilded Youth by ministering to whose weakness he fattened. At any rate, the Baron could have no rankling grudge, no personal animosity, against one who had never made him the butt of clumsy light-cavalry wit, or rated him for lack of punctuality in sending home the new dress-coat without which the finest rout was weariness to the budding subaltern.

Swartz, as he sat opposite to Sir Frederick, read his client's thoughts as easily as a practised Orientalist extracts the pith from a page of flowery Persian poetry or of crabbed Talmudical lore. He was in aspect not at all like the Mephistopheles of Goethe, but such sorry Faustus as came in his way he could plumb to the very bottom of their shallow natures. After a brief pause, he went on: 'Of course, Sir Frederick, a man of the world like yourself cannot suppose that what I have done was prompted entirely by a desire to relieve you from embarrassments. I never professed to be disinterested. I should very much prefer to do business with you in our old pleasant style, on velvet, as it were; but in justice to myself, I must not neglect to recoup myself the considerable outlay already incurred. Why don't you marry, Sir Frederick?'

This last question was propounded in precisely the same tone of semi-paternal benevolence as that in which a wealthy uncle might have put it while passing the claret jug to a wild young nephew, for whose reformation a family council had recommended the panacea of matrimony.

Sir Frederick started and reddened, but not so much as before. 'I have other things than

marriage to think of,' he said, almost sheepishly; and then added: 'besides, it's not so easy for a broken-down beggar like myself.'

'Perhaps not, Sir Frederick; and yet it would be an experiment worth trying,' said the Behemoth, with his imperturbable good-humour. 'I will put a case hypothetically. We can imagine a gentleman of your rank and antecedents, unfortunately very much involved, but whose good stars have given him a compensation in the shape of a young cousin, very pretty, amiable, and easily managed, and who is notoriously the heiress of a very rich and childless old lady of rank. We can fancy, also, that this young cousin is of a sensitive spirit and truthful nature—such things are—and feels herself bound by a promise to marry, obtained from her by—'

'Are you a witch, or what?' cried Dashwood, jumping from his chair. 'I mean,' he made haste to say, 'how on earth did you—'

'Did I know that?' rejoined the Jew. 'Excuse me if I complete your sentence. My very dear sir, it is a part of my business to know something about the past life of those with whom I deal. Little birds whisper in my ear—the queerest things. By-the-bye, that was a fortunate accident that made you heir to the baronetcy—about the poor little boy, I mean.'

'Fortunate, do you call it? I don't say that myself,' answered Dashwood, with a slight change of colour—this time from red to pale.

'Perhaps not,' said the Baron airily; 'but—forgive the apparent want of feeling in my remark—you *must* have thought it. They do so, even in the best families. When old Lord Crustham (what port he had, and what a temper!) was taken with his last fatal attack of apoplexy, Tom Crumpwise, the eldest son, happened, for a wonder, to be in the house at Crustham, to give, or sell, his signature for cutting off the entail of some portion of the property. Tom and his noble papa were not on what is called good terms, the heir leading a scrambling life in London on the strength of post-obits; and the owner manifesting some desire to knock his son down with his gouty crutch, or to fling footstools at him, when they did meet. However, in so urgent a case as this, of course filial duty prevailed, and the Honourable Tom sent off a mounted groom to gallop for Dr Flebotham, the nearest medical man. The horse which the servant took was a spavined brute—they had the stable in a wretched state at Crustham, at that time; it is better now—which fell lame on the macadamised road; and, to cut short a long story, when the doctor did come, he might as well have brought the undertaker along with him. "I sat watching at the window," Tom said to me when we settled scores, as he described his sensations while the old lord lay battling feebly between life and death, "and I felt it was a race against time." And so it was.'

Dashwood made no comment on this agreeable anecdote, and the Behemoth lightly glided from the subject. 'Why, as I said before, not marry?' asked he again.

'If you know so much, you must know more,' was the reply. 'Lady Livingston never liked me. She has been a trifle more civil since I came home from Canada than ever she was before; but for some short time past I have met black looks whenever I go down to that dreary jail of hers; and as for her approval of my marriage with Alice—'

'If I take so much risk on myself,' burst in the Baron, in a higher key, as he laid his forefinger on the papers, 'you might be less faint-hearted. What! king, queen, and as many trump cards as you could wish for, dealt to you, and fear to play! My experience tells me that the young generally get the better of the old, nowadays, and you have the young lady for a sure, if reluctant, ally already. It may be that the dowager would prefer to select another husband for Miss Fleming, another master for Heavittree Hall. What of that! Press your advantage; marry your cousin, without a penny, if need be; and see if yonder doting old dame disinherits her darling because she has wedded a prodigal like yourself.' As he ceased speaking, he touched a spring in the table before him, and out flew a secret drawer, from which he selected two or three slim-looking documents neatly tied with red tape, and formally endorsed. 'You will be so kind, Sir Frederick,' he said, 'as to sign this, having reference to the purchase-money of your commission; and this, which gives me a lien on certain securities that belonged to Sir George, your grandfather, and of which you gave me a list at the commencement of our dealings. In return, here are two hundred pounds in money, and your dishonoured acceptances redeemed from Longtick and Sons. Mind, you only mortgage your securities, and, on certain terms, can redeem them. If you would like your solicitor to look over these papers—Ah, well! You would not, I think, have been informed that the conditions were too onerous, under the circumstances. Here is another bond, somewhat more speculative: it engages you, under heavy forfeiture, to repay to Jacob, Baron Swartz, for value received, within twelve calendar months of the decease of the Dowager Lady Livingston, sixteen thousand pounds sterling. You see I count very much on your success with Miss Fleming.'

For a while Dashwood demurred. The magnitude of the sum staggered him somewhat. 'It's more than three years' rental of the Heavittree property,' he blurted out.

'Yes, my dear sir; but you forget the sum in the funds, in those delicious English three per cents, the stability of which we aliens envy,' said the Baron. 'It is a point on which I admit of no compromise. Come, sir, peace or war? Will you sign, or shall I ring the bell, and decline further negotiations except through Mr Levi of Cursitor Street?—I thought so. Here is a pen.' And Dashwood signed his name wherever the Behemoth's finger pointed.

'Now, dear friend,' said the money-lender, 'a bit of advice at parting. Press your suit. Remember your English adage, that faint heart never won fair lady. And now, good-bye, Sir Frederick, and good-luck to your wooing!'

CHAPTER XIX.—MR GOODEVE'S RETURN HOME.

THE senior partner in the very eminent firm of Goodeve and Glegg was, it has been previously mentioned, entering on a period of intellectual decadence, and by no means as good a man of business as he had been. No expert would, of course, be unreasonable enough to expect those family solicitors whom all ladies regard as mines and marvels of legal learning, to know much of law. They do know, however, all sorts of things that it is very useful to know—when terms begin and

end; what goes before a Vice-chancellor, and what before a judge in chambers; and all about filing bills in Equity and putting in pleas at law; and which are the serviceable functionaries, masters, chief clerks, referees, and so on. In Mr Glegg's view of the matter, old Mr Goodeve occasionally made slips in these particulars, though at the same time continuing to appropriate the lion's share of the profits. There was also an imputation that Mr Goodeve was unreasonably avaricious, considering the means at his disposal. The old gentleman was no doubt very well off; but, then, a man must be singularly fortunate, or unfortunate, if he does not find some one ready and willing to spend his superfluity for him. Such was the case with the attorney, who was a widower, living in an old house in or near Kensington, with an old maiden sister to keep house for him. His two daughters were married, and to husbands who had nothing beyond their pay, and sundry olive-branches to provide for; and Samuel Goodeve, who had been an indulgent father, and was now a doting grandfather, had plenty of employment for his spare cash.

Then, according to Glegg, his respectable partner was a trifle too saving—a species of crime and ground of offence to those who are apt to exceed in point of stylish expenditure. Mr Goodeve was fond of walking. It did him good, he said, braced his nerves, and kept him from going too fast down the hill of time. In truth, the worthy man had still retained a share of personal vanity of a harmless kind; and being tall, and having been considered well-looking and somewhat of a dandy in his youth, he yet affected somewhat of the air and bearing of a young man. You could see in the care with which he dressed himself, in the jauntiness of his walk, and the liveliness of his discourse when emancipated from the trammels of the office, that he still fancied himself Beau Goodeve of the pre-Reform Bill epoch! There was nothing wrong in this; and after all, the aged beau, after walking part of the way, occasionally made out the journey from Bedford Row to Kensington with the aid of a cab.

The yellow sky had faded already from golden orange to a pale tint like that of the tawny wild-cattle of our British breed, and was losing the last flush of its after-glow, when Mr Goodeve found himself slightly fatigued, and still at some distance from his own abode. He began to hesitate as to whether he should or should not perform the rest of the distance on wheels, and ended by walking on, pausing at intervals to look into this or that shop-window, and always starting with renewed activity after each of these halts.

Behind him, at a considerable distance indeed, was a dark-featured young man, strong, swift, and as firmly bent upon his purpose as the sleuth-hound on the trail of a deer. Now and then, when some favourable opportunity occurred of looking ahead from amidst a knot of the foot-passengers, Bruce Larpent ventured to step forth and satisfy himself that the feeble figure of his employer was still visible in front of him; but so soon as this inspection was over, he fell back as before. It would have been a grievous blunder to have allowed some accidental turning of Mr Goodeve's head to enable that gentleman to recognise his faithful clerk, Daniel Davis, who had ostensibly gone home from the office hours since. Nearer by far to Mr Goodeve was a loosely-hung young fellow in the attire of a

stable-helper, and wearing a round cap of that pattern so much affected by the hangers-on of livery-men and horse-dealers, and he, too, regulated his pace by that of the eminent solicitor. Some paces ahead there slowly trudged along a couple of men, the sturdier of whom, a light bundle flung over his shoulder, and clad in a suit of light-coloured slops, resembled a railway navigator on his way to begin a job; while the taller and slighter in build was in working-clothes, and, by the smears on his elbows, was probably a house-painter or whitewasher. On the opposite side of the road walked a shambling figure in rusty black, and carrying an umbrella, and this last-mentioned personage never once glanced ostensibly at Mr Goodeve, at Bruce, at the stable-lad, or at the broad-shouldered 'navvy' and his companion, the whitewasher, yet never once relaxed his stealthy vigilance as he pressed on.

It was growing dark. Mr Goodeve was obviously getting weary, and he had cast more than one inquiring glance towards some passing omnibus, the conductor of which hailed him with upraised finger and sharp voice. But there was every prospect of his getting a cab that was crawling for custom, and which might set him down before coming to his own door, by which he might save his character as a pedestrian. It was an unwise piece of vanity. Bruce Larpent, still heedful not to be seen, grew visibly anxious as he watched the irregular movements of his employer; and the man in rusty black stepped briskly out, shot ahead, and let his umbrella fall, stooping instantly to recover it.

Just abreast of the spot at which the man in rusty black had dropped his umbrella there was a narrow opening, as of a lane, court, or alley, where two dead walls swallowed up the yellow light of the street-lamp, and where no windows looked blankly out upon the passers-by. Farther on, doubtless, dwellings were to be found; but the mouth of the alley gaped, dull and blurred, as the half-open jaws of some monstrous alligator, seen in twilight among the cane-brakes, without a sign of life or movement within. Down this by-place, the two men walking in front, the whitewasher and the bundle-bearing excavator, unhesitatingly dived. So soon as they were well within it, the latter broke silence.

'Well, here it is at last. You get along as far as the corner there, and if a child comes, or a woman, try to scare 'em back. If it's men, give the office—d'ye hear? This'll serve my turn.'

And so saying, he squeezed his brawny person into a narrow doorway that probably communicated with some rarely visited garden, about six paces from the mouth of the alley. Almost at the same moment the man in black came quickly across the street, and, shambling up to Mr Goodeve, said, in a tone of respectful earnestness: 'I beg your pardon, sir, for this freedom.—No, I'm not a beggar,' he added hastily, for in London this form of address is usually the mendicant's prelude; 'but I have followed you for some time, without daring to address you, although I have that to say which is important to us both, I do assure you, sir.'

'What can you possibly have to say to me, my man—of a nature, I mean, to interest me?' asked Mr Goodeve incredulously. The greatest city in the world is the one in which men come to be the most distrustful of strangers; and Mr Goodeve was a Londoner of the pure breed.

'It concerns others, sir, than you and me,' said the shabby man, with meek persistency, 'and a client of yours, sir, most of all. You would be sorry afterwards, if you were to refuse to hear me.'

The stable-lad was gazing admiringly at the blue, crimson, and emeraldine bottles in a chemist's window, softly whistling as he gazed. Bruce Larpent, who had pulled out his watch, was comparing it with the clock conspicuous over the counter of a baker next door.

'You should come to my office, my friend, if you really have anything to communicate,' rejoined the lawyer, very stiffly. 'You know me, of course?'

'Yes, Mr Goodeve, well do I know you,' exclaimed the shabby man; 'and often, little as you noticed me, have I been to your place in happier days, with blue bags, and red bags, and forms of process. I was a quill-driver, though now obliged to get a living by odd jobs, and known to most about Gray's Inn Lane—Tooter by name, sir—and my employers once went so far as generously to promise me my articles. And I have been at your office, sir, two or three times; but, bless me! those young gentlemen wouldn't take in my humble name. It was: "Oh, you wait till Mr Glegg comes out!" or: "Mr Glegg, perhaps, will hear what you have to say." Now, I do like to deal with principals, sir, and not understrappers.'

A year or two before, had Mr Goodeve heard his partner, Mr Glegg, described by the highly ignominious epithet of an understrapper, and by such a one as the audacious speaker, he would have administered his severest rebuke to the offender. But vanity is very potent, and Glegg had snubbed his senior sorely, and Glegg had done his best to supplant him in the position of working head of the firm; so it was music to his ears to hear his officious colleague thus contemptuously spoken of, even by such lips as those of Tooter, whilom of Gray's Inn Lane.

He did not care then to take up the cudgels for Glegg the absent, but mildly remarked: 'Perhaps your best plan would be to send me a written statement of the case, whatever it is.'

'I'm afraid, Mr Goodeve, sir, I'd make a poor hand of that,' said the other; 'but if you'd condescend to step aside with me one moment—just a step or so down this alley here, as it might be—to be out of the pushing street, I'd answer all your questions, and rely on your well-known sense of what's right to do the liberal thing by me when all is substantiated and cleared up.'

Mr Goodeve hesitated, as a good many thoughts passed through his head. Should he bid this man call at his house? No; for that might alarm Sister Hannah, and cause gossip among the servants—the stranger's outward aspect being such as is commonly associated with Private Inquiry Offices, not with the residences of family solicitors. And at Bedford Row, the obtrusive Glegg might burst in upon him, and perhaps insist on lecturing his senior as to the etiquette of the very select branch of the profession to which they belonged. It was irregular—very irregular. But this long-necked, shambling person in mouldy black, and a wisp of dubious white about it, was very like a good many confidential clerks out of place—and confidential clerks sometimes have things worth hearing to tell; and if Samuel Goodeve could steal a march on Glegg, and astonish him, why, matters might go more pleasantly in working hours. And the man was

very well spoken and deferential, and he had called Glegg an understrapper. It would never do to shew a want of energy before one who so well knew the difference between the head of the firm and his junior partner.

'I will hear, if you will be quick, and not dwell on irrelevant matter, what you have to say,' was Mr Goodeve's gracious announcement.

'Thank you, sir! If I do travel out of the record, I must rely on your superior legal experience to keep me to the point,' returned the shabby applicant; and the two passed into the darkling mouth of the alley, and were swallowed up, as it were, by the gloom within.

Bruce Larpent had pocketed his watch, and was now somewhat at a loss for some ostensible occupation, when he saw the two figures disappear within the shadow of the walls; and immediately afterwards the stable-lad sauntered forward, and stood at the entrance of the alley, chewing his straw with the same languid air of satisfaction as before. The dark young clerk could hear the low hum of voices for, perhaps, the third of a minute, from the gloomy space within the shelter of the walls; then they ceased. What was that? A cry—stifled in the very moment of its utterance, and succeeded by a gurgling moan, a sound of scuffling, the stamping of feet, and a crash. Then a dead silence—a horrid stillness, that contrasted painfully with what had gone before. Larpent's heart gave one great bound, and then so intently did he listen that his very breathing was suspended. But no sound reached his ears. The stable-lad had shrunk back, as if to avoid observation, into the lane, and nothing was to be seen except a pair of Irish basketwomen, with their heavy load of oranges, plodding back from the suburbs of gentility to the brisker market afforded by the vicinity of the theatres, and the cabs and carts that rattled by at irregular intervals. The suspense grew to be almost more than the listener could endure.

'A cowardly business at best!' he muttered. 'I wish, for my part, I were well out of it. Old, and sickly, and always kind, in his odd way, to me. But self-preservation is a law that overrides all others, and better as it is, than to stand in the dock.'

He ceased speaking, for now forth from the alley came a lean, loosely-built figure in dark clothes, shambling rapidly along towards him.

'No questions!' hissed out Craney as he ran past; 'off to the *Birdcatchers*', but not by the same road as I take. Go by Sloane Street—I know a shorter cut.'

And he was gone, darting up the nearest by-street with the alacrity of a rabbit diving into a burrow. Bruce was, as it has been said, swift of foot; but when he beheld the lamp of variegated glass shining in front of a villainous-looking Chelsea public-house, that bore the apparently innocent title of the *Birdcatchers' Arms*, the many-coloured light fell upon the thin white face of the man in shabby black, the treacherous Tooter of Gray's Inn, and stained it with unnatural blotches of red, and blue, and orange.

'Hist! there are too many chance customers inside here for any safe conversation,' said Craney, panting as he rubbed his heated brow: 'come round the corner. There isn't a soul in sight.'

And accordingly Larpent followed into a dark and deserted by-lane, where the two seemed as

much alone together as if they had been in a desert.

'Is it done?' asked Bruce hoarsely, after two ineffectual attempts to speak. 'I hope he's not dead?'

'No, no—certainly not,' coolly replied the more hardened miscreant before him; 'but his doctor will have a tidy bill against him before he's patched up again.'

There was a pause. Craney was the first to break it.

'We had better separate,' he said; 'we've been seen here together already; and there's a lot of half-bred young thieves here would sell their own fathers for half-a-crown. If you want me, a line to the old address will do. You'd better get home yourself, unless you like to drop in at bars and theatre half-price, first, and manage to make the people remember you. I can shift for myself. And now, sir, I'm a man of my word; and here's the banker's pass-book, and here's every scrap of paper—bar two flimsies for a fiver apiece—that we found in our man's possession. Good-bye to you, Mr Larpent; and the best thing that can happen to you will be never to see this precious countenance of mine again.'

The pair of confederates then parted, the shabby man in black slinking through endless thoroughfares, where, beneath the blinking gas-lamps, he became but a unit in the congeries of shabby men in black; while Bruce Larpent, disregarding the recommendation to visit theatres and houses of entertainment, walked quickly homewards to Great Eldon Street. The work of that night weighed more heavily upon him than did the memory of that violent deed, which had made him, like Cain, a wanderer. *That* might be called wild justice, but this was blackest treachery.

Meanwhile, there was quiet—the quiet of the grave—in that sequestered alley whither Mr Goodeve had in evil hour been induced to follow the too persuasive Tooter of Gray's Inn. It was not a place of much resort; but the police did occasionally visit it, and presently, B 42, going his customary round, stamped into the alley, and seeing a sort of elongated black bundle lying, with a white face upturned, upon the flags, drew his lantern, and turned the red lens of his bull's-eye on the prostrate form.

'Drunk and incapable,' were the words which rose to his lips, and such was indeed the primary inference. Every person who has dropped down from the effects of sunstroke, fits, or fatigue, is drunk and incapable, according to Scotland Yard philosophy, until the divisional surgeon and a coroner's inquest prove a shaking and a cell to be improper cures for apoplexy or asphyxia. But as he stooped over the body of the supposed votary of Bacchus, B 42 caught sight of a long smear of something dark, and wet, and red on the wall beside which lay the helpless figure.

'Robbery from the person with violence' exclaimed the policeman, brightening up immensely, as might a doctor who found a case of pitiful nettlerash develop itself into a spotted fever of the rarest and most medieval type. At once he stepped forth into the street, and, by signals, presently invoked the aid of a sergeant and three brethren of the belt and bracelet, by whom a stretcher was procured for the conveyance of Mr Goodeve.

That luckless solicitor was picked up, a mere crumpled wreck of a man, a smear of blood on his right temple, little clots of gore staining his immaculate shirt-front, and marring the symmetry of his trim iron-gray whiskers. His pockets were turned inside out; and his hat, which lay at some distance, was crushed and broken, but his name was written inside it; and his address was on the cards, in a plain little case of Russia leather, the only article of portable property which those who rifled him had flung disdainfully aside. He moaned feebly as they lifted him, and tried to put his hand to his injured head; but his eyes were closed; and though they bore him to the chemist's shop close by, and tried to administer sal-volatile first, and then brandy, they could not get a drop of either stimulant to pass his firmly clenched teeth.

'Watch, purse, papers, handkerchief, no doubt, all gone!' said the sergeant, as he closed his note-book; 'and that's an ugly knock on the head; while you can see the blue prints of fingers on his throat, poor gentleman. Regular garrotting case, and old hands at it, no doubt. Let us get him home at once.'

Home they bore him then, and he was laid on his own bed, amidst the exclamations of his weeping household; and there he lay, breathing heavily.

'He won't die, doctor, will he?' asked his haggard sister, hours after, when the surgeon came, with thoughtful face, down-stairs, after doing all that skill could suggest.

'No, Miss Goodeve; I hope—I think that he will live,' answered the doctor. 'It is rather for his memory that I fear. A man of his time of life can hardly bear with impunity such a shock as this has been.'

RAILWAY ITEMS.

'CLAPHAM JUNCTION!—Change here for Chatham and Dover line.'

'Guard, does this train go on?'

'No; all change here.'

'Which is the way to the Crystal Palace train?'

'Down the steps, along the tunnel, and up the fourth passage to the right.'

'Where's the Richmond train?'

'Just going off.—There it is at the third platform beyond—make haste!'

'Where is the booking-office?'

'Go to the end of the tunnel, and up stairs Number ——. But there's the train starting—you're too late.'

'Porter, they told me this is the main-line platform; but I can't see the Brighton train.'

'This is the main line of the South-western. You've come up the wrong stairs!'

'This train for Victoria?'

'No; you should have gone up the stairs on the other side of the tunnel: this is the down platform.'

'Then where does this train go to?'

'Woking, Guildford, Basingstoke, Winchester, Portsmouth, Gosport, Southampton, Dor'—

'Oh, bother! I never can find the right stairs at this place. The other day, I was in a Croydon train, when I thought I was going to Waterloo.'

'We can't help it, sir. You should have read the names of the lines and stations as you went through the tunnel.'

If the reader thinks this is an exaggeration, then he does not know Clapham Junction. If he really knows Clapham Junction, then he must have experienced 'the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.' As to the porter's declaration that he and his fellow-servants can't help it, this is quite true; they do their best to aid bewildered passengers, but the bewilderment occurs notwithstanding. Imagine Mrs Brown walking through a semi-dark tunnel, looking up eight or nine flights of those steps, through eight or nine openings at the side of the tunnel, and hopelessly reading, or attempting to read, the names of four or five railway companies, and of a number of stations varying in distance from two to two hundred miles! True, the passengers have not to cross the metals; they are exempt from the danger resulting from this practice; but in getting from one to another of half-a-dozen or more platforms, and in deciding which among the half-dozen is the right one, their tribulation is great.

Junctions are the nuisance of railway travelling. It is at these places that some of the most frightful accidents—if they can be called accidents, when they arise from sheer carelessness—usually take place. Junctions, however, of one railway with another are unavoidable. They are a result of national necessity, and have sprung up just as the railway-system came into maturity. We must bear in mind that if they are a danger, they are also a prodigious convenience to travellers. At the outset of the system, each railway was a separate undertaking, and the companies had not seen the expediency of working together. If two railways joined end to end, or if one branched out of another, there was a lumbering formality of changing trains; everybody's luggage got mixed up with every other body's; everybody tried to obtain information from somebody about the proper platform and the proper booking-office. The wonderful clearing-house system was not then established: that system which now enables an army of about a thousand clerks, in a large building near Euston Station, to settle all the complicated accounts between all the railway companies in the kingdom, accurate to a day in time, and almost to a penny in cash. Until that system was regularly at work, through-booking was not much resorted to; each company found it difficult to book over another company's line, owing to the want of a plan, at once simple and comprehensive, of keeping the accounts; and, moreover, there were often bickerings and jealousies between them, offering a barrier to anything like useful co-operation. Even if through-booking were in force, change of trains was almost invariable, at the connecting points between two companies' lines. The 'break of gauge,' where Brunel's broad gauge came into contact with Stephenson's narrow, was a trouble of later date; it neither existed nor was foreseen in the early days of the railway system.

How the railways have grown, and how *Bradshaw* has become fatter and fatter every year, we all know. Rivalries, accompanied by heavy losses, were put an end to by amalgamations, leases, and purchases; and to such an extent has this gone, that the distinct companies are fewer now than they were when the total length of rail was many thousand miles less than it is at present. Such a company as the London and North-western, or the

Midland, or the Lancashire and Yorkshire, is made up of a large number of smaller companies, each originally independent.

What is the length, and what the cost, of the mighty system as it now exists in the United Kingdom? This *Journal* is not in the habit of frightening its readers with long dull rows and columns of dry figures, and we have certainly no wish to depart from its practice in this particular; but, for once, we will go a little into arithmetic—especially as some of our legislators are advocating the purchase of all the railways by the state. Let us see, in round numbers, what such a purchase would mean. On the first of January, in the present year, we had 8512 miles of double line of railway finished and open in the United Kingdom, together with 7032 miles of single line, making 15,544 miles in all. These railways, with a part of the expense for other lines in course of construction, had cost the stupendous sum of £570,000,000, averaging about £36,000 per mile (if we adopt the usual and convenient plan of debiting the mileage with the whole expenditure). This money had been raised in three different ways—£240,000,000 ordinary shares, £180,000,000 preference and guaranteed shares, £150,000,000 loans and debenture stock. The companies had, on that day, power to raise nearly £80,000,000 more capital; which, if all raised and expended, would swell the total outlay to something like £650,000,000. Well, such being the mileage and the cost, how many passengers did the companies carry in 1872, and what did the fares paid by these passengers amount to? The passengers were 423,000,000, and they paid £23,300,000—about 1s. 1d. for every journey on the average, long and short. If we want to know how far cheap fares encourage passenger-trade, the figures at hand are very instructive: 38,000,000 first-class passengers paid £4,200,000; 72,000,000 second-class paid £4,200,000; while 313,000,000 third-class paid £10,300,000. There were nearly thrice as many third-class as first and second put together, and they paid more than as much money as the other two. The remainder of the amount earned by passenger-trains was obtained by the conveyance of season-ticket-holders, extra luggage, parcels, carriages, horses, dogs, and mail-bags. The goods-traffic brought more revenue than the passenger—£29,000,000 against £23,300,000. The total receipts, rather over £52,000,000, were divided into two almost exactly equal parts, one to pay working-expenses, the other distributed in the forms of interest and dividend. This last-named half, the net profit, amounted to about four-and-a-half per cent. on the total expenditure—not a ruinous return, certainly, but less than it ought to be. Every train earns about five shillings and fourpence per mile, on an average. The aggregate weight carried by the goods-trains was something enormous—106,000,000 tons of coal and other minerals, 73,000,000 tons of general merchandise. The locomotives travelled more than 190,000,000 miles—as far as from the earth to the sun and back again! The rolling-stock comprised 11,000 locomotives, 23,500 passenger-carriages, 8500 other vehicles attached to passenger-trains, and 300,000 wagons and trucks.

And now we have got rid of our figures. Is it any wonder that *Bradshaw* is increased in dimensions? Its original thirty-two pages have swelled out to more than 400; and these pages contain a closer

packing of small type than almost any other volume we are acquainted with. Tables, index, key, map—all have been the result of a large amount of thought, calculation, and management, and if *Bradshaw* is still a sore puzzle to many persons, who can wonder at it? Let any one sit down to discover a mode of recording all the hours of all the trains that stop at all the stations (far exceeding four thousand in number), and he will find he has his work to do. Many other 'Guides' have attempted to simplify *Bradshaw*; but all are beset with difficulties. If it were doubled in size, more might be squeezed in; but then the coat-pocket would complain of the bulk. A humorous but correct description has been given of the perplexities attending an examination of some of the columns relating to the greater companies' lines. 'Say that we want the No. 6 train on the Euston Square line. Very well; let us see. In the first place, that train begins, not at Euston, but at Rugby, about seven in the morning; it goes on to Stafford, followed by a vertical row of dots; then there are two notices concerning Stoke and Macclesfield, where we are told to 'stop;' after this comes another vertical row of dots; and then, to the bewilderment of many an explorer of the book, the train starts again from Crewe before six the same morning, ending in a row of dots somewhere about Bolton. Or let it be column 16. We start from Euston in early morning, and go on to Watford; here we slip off diagonally, for reasons unexplained, into No. 17 column; but No. 16 picks itself up again, and suddenly reappears (no one knows how) at Birmingham, but not for long; at Stafford a finger points upwards, to tell you to note something, but what that something is you are to find out; and then you run off again to No. 17; recovering yourself once more, you pick up No. 16 at Warrington, but somehow find that it has changed its character from a third-class to a first and a second class train.' This relates to one of the monthly *Bradshaws* some time back; but it is nearly as true now as it was then. The truth is, that different trains are noted in different parts of the same column, to economise space; and only those men who travel much can find their way through this printed labyrinth.

Clapham Junction is one of the growths of this great system. When two or more companies bring their lines to the same point, and each company has two or more lines at that point, an extensive shifting of passengers takes place; and unless the station arrangements are suitable to the purpose, the loss of time and temper is considerable. When at Rugby, for instance, we find railways branching out in six directions from the same station, to London, Peterborough, Leicester, Stafford, Birmingham, and Leamington; and as some passengers wish to proceed from each and all of these lines to each and all of the others, the platforms, gallery-gangways, and general arrangements should conduce as much as possible to the quick and correct transference of traffic. At the New Street Station, Birmingham, a still greater divergence of lines has to be provided for. At Shrewsbury there are no less than eight marshallings of trains to be provided for, branching off in as many different directions; and the experience of well-drilled railway travellers will supply other instances at Crewe, Chester, Bristol, Sheffield, Doncaster, Leeds, Manchester, and other large towns. Where two or more companies have fixed their stations in different

parts of the same town, the results vary; but where they more wisely club their means to construct and maintain one large station common to the whole of them, a system of transfer and interchange becomes possible which would otherwise be unattainable. At a few great stations of this kind, such as Shrewsbury and Chester, all the trains draw up on the same side of the station, which side contains also all the booking-offices, and all the gateways for arriving and departing vehicles; but this can only be done where the station is of immense length. More usually, a junction has many lines of railway parallel, and many platforms, each appropriated to one particular item in the traffic of the place. Londoners will call to mind, of this class, Willesden Junction, Clapham Junction, Westbourne Park Junction, Stratford Junction, Kensington Junction, Wimbledon Junction, and some others; each of which affords facilities for travelling out in many different directions. If we joke at Clapham Junction, it is chiefly because the connecting passage between the several platforms is a tunnel nearly in the dark, instead of well-lighted galleries overhead. Allowance being made for this defect, and for the embarrassment which it occasions to inexperienced travellers, the station is of great convenience. Time your movements well, and you can get from Clapham Junction to—everywhere.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

The glory from the wan year dies;
Chill cling the mists; the clouds swim low;
Soon will look down the cold keen skies
On birdless boughs and silent snow.
O latest swallow, southward wing;
O lingering song-bird, sing your last;
Between bare Autumn and new Spring
Are pelting storm and beating blast;
But sob not, sorrow; still thee, sigh;
White Winter into Spring will die.

The gladness from my wan life dies;
My waning days grow sunless all;
Beneath chill mists and murky skies,
The blooms, the leaves, that cheered me, fall.
O glad sweet May, that once I knew;
O cloudless hours, that laughed and sung;
O days, that danced 'neath skies so blue,
Ye only were when I was young.
But cheer thee, Age; nor sob nor sigh;
Death comes, but Death itself shall die.

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